

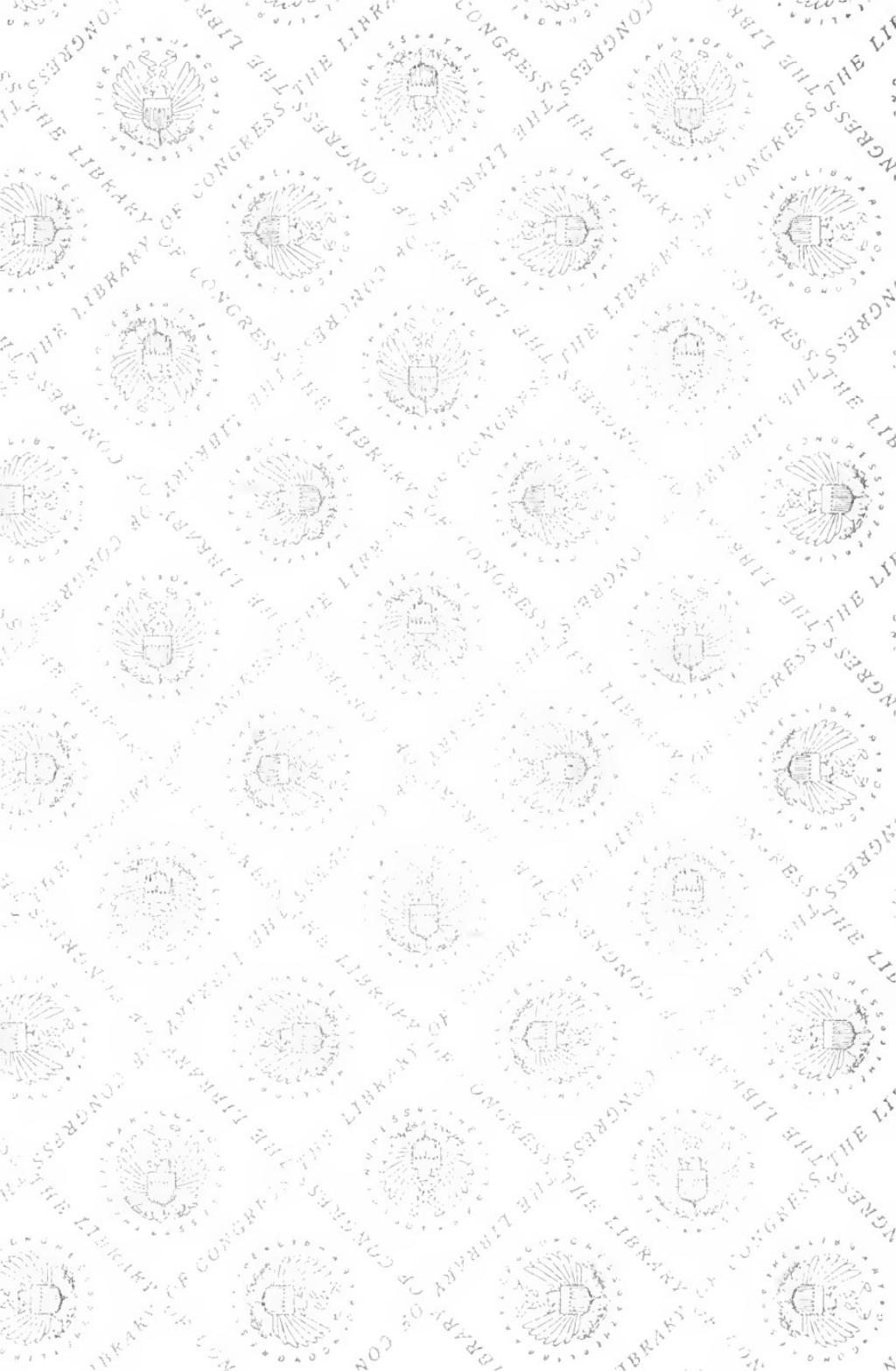
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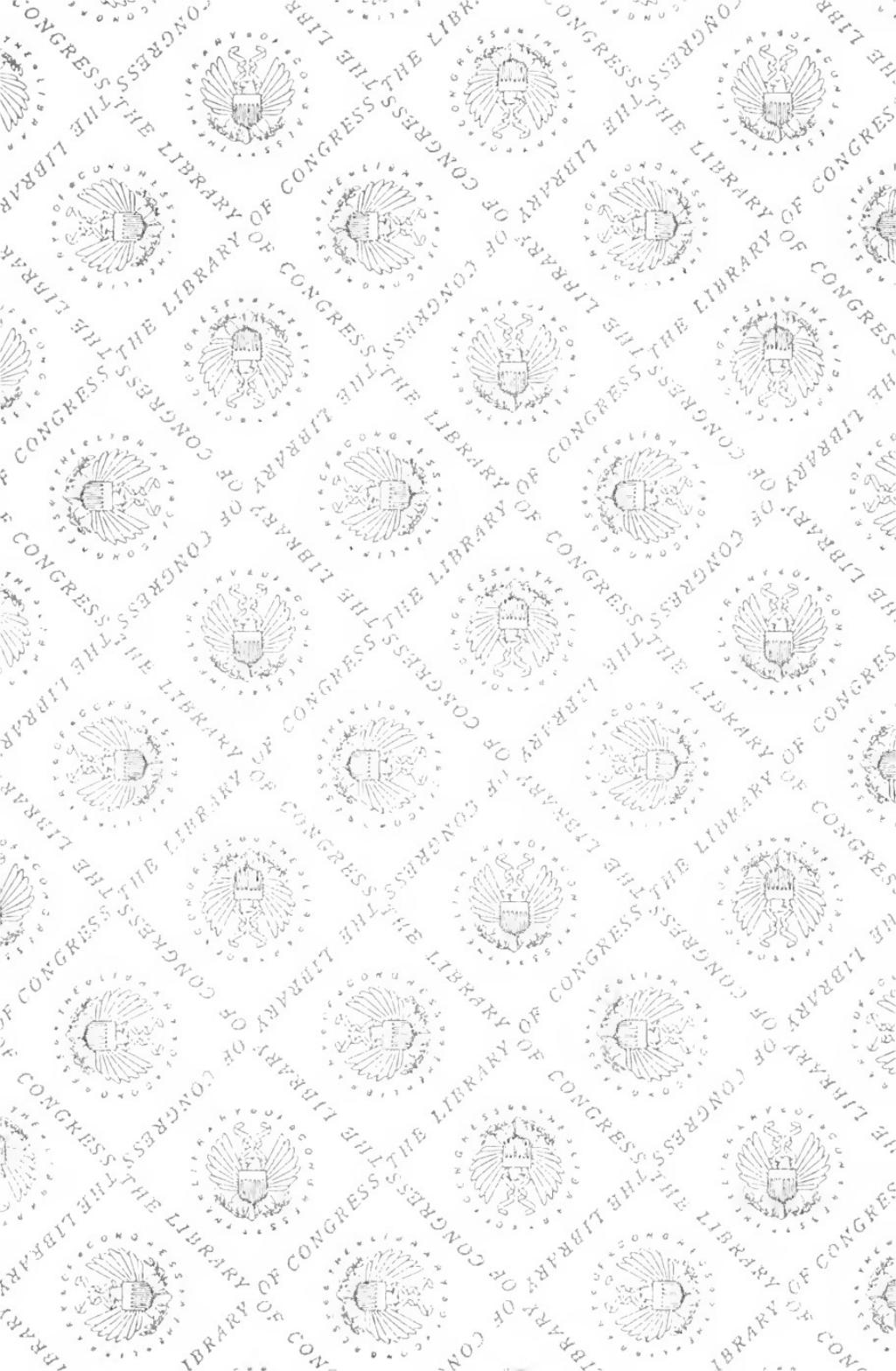
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JOURNEYS OF A SOUL

BY
NATHAN APPLETON TEFFT



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TO MY MOTHER

WHO UNDERSTANDS ME BECAUSE HER SOUL
IS LINKED WITH MINE

THIS WORK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

JOURNEYS OF A SOUL was written to show that nothing, however great or small, can reach the perfect state without sacrifice. Be it man, beast, bird, plant, the nations of the world, the world itself, or the whole universe, the same law applies. I harbor no claim to new theories; they are as old as the hills. I simply have hoped to convey to you, dear reader, in my own homely style, and through the medium of historical periods, that whatever shall be the spirit of the times, is only a phase of the building-up and tearing-down methods of the natural forces; and on completing these journeys I offer the following conclusions:

Blessed be all the evils of the universe, for they shall lead us to all the good therein;
And the pain and sorrows of war, for they shall bring peace on earth and good will to men;
And the darkness of yesterday, for out of it came the light of to-day;
And the destruction of all our hopes and ambitions, for it shall bring us greater reward.

I ask your patience, dear reader, in following me on these journeys, and permit me to say that I am willing to see the treatment of my subject lost sight of in comparison with its meaning.

N. A. T.

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JOURNEYS OF A SOUL

I

THE MAKING OF MAN

OUT of the far east leading dawn,
I saw a star arise this morn,
And in its wake my vision ran
Back to the age when things began.
I saw The Word—the word was Good,
And with The Word, God came and stood
Supreme, eternally to reign,
As all Creation's sovereign.

I saw this Master Builder—God—
Shape the World, and cast abroad
His germs of life, and in awe
I watched the application of His law.
From life that was came life renewed
In strangely varied garbs, imbued
With light of rare munificence,—
The light of His omnipotence.

It was the birthday of the world—
Nature's beauteous work unfurled;
The ever-present God above;
The hour of Joy; the birth of Love.
It was the golden age of Youth,
Happiness, peace and noble Truth,
Of absolution, sin untried,
Of innocence—perfect, deified.

Then there rose before the Lord,
An evil prince—a demon god;
And quoth he, with gracious bow:
“Speak, O Lord, what doest thou?”
And forthwith the Lord replied:
“I’ve built a world and purified
“All things of it, so that we
“May dwell in perfect harmony.”

Then spake the demon god:
“Thou doest wonders, O my Lord!
“But how canst there be harmony,
“Since I’m of thee and thee of me?
“Where e’er thou goest I will go;
“What e’er thou doest I will know;
“What thou createst I’ll destroy;
“Forever, Lord, I’ll thee annoy.”

Saith the Lord: “O evil one,
“Ere thy wicked work’s begun,
“I’ll cast thee out of me—ordain
“That thou, O demon, shall not reign.”
“Thou canst not, O Lord of me,”
Spake the demon solemnly;
“Without Evil there’s no Good!”
And the Lord God understood.

“So shall it be, O demon god,—
“A law of Nature,” saith the Lord;
“By thy work I’ll judge my own,
“And by mine thou shalt be known.
“Where e’er I goest thou shalt go;

"What e'er I doest thou shalt know;
"But knowest thou, O monster ghoul,
"Of good and evil, Good shall rule."

"I'll burn, devour, devastate,"
Answered he, the god of Hate;
"Thinkest thou will tire not,
"O Lord of me and havoc wrought?"
"That," spake God, "which I create,
"Thou canst only dissipate;
"Of destruction there is none;
"Back to dust is just begun.

"How so often thou shalt change
"What I create I'll rearrange,—
"From ash and atom I'll restore
"All more beautiful than before.
"In countless garbs that I redeem,
"Life will rise again supreme,
"And thou, O demon, thou of shame,
"Will sicken even of thy name."

"'Tis thou who'll sicken, O my Lord,
"Of the sin; of the fraud
"That I soweth, that I reap.
"Canst thou, O Lord, forever keep
"Restoring, building from the dust,
"Never in me putting trust?"
And the Lord soothsayeth more,
Strangely, wiser than before.

"Knowest thou my work, my law,"
Spake He firmly. Then I saw
A form arise, a statue crude,
Of flesh and blood, a creature nude.
"Here createth I, in thine
"Own image demon, and in mine,
"A human being—mortal man;
"Knowest him," the Lord began.

"He hath eyes to seek his way;
"He hath ears to hear thee say
"Thou hatest me; he hath a heart
"Where dwelleth Love and Hate apart;
"He hath a mind to judge between
"What e'er he heareth or hath seen;
"He hath a soul, that with his mind
"Shall seek salvation and shall find.

"Thou canst tempt him, demon Hate—
"Make him thyself emulate;
"But whilst reaping of his sin,
"His soul shall profit by thy win.
"His eyes shall see in me the Light;
"His ears shall hear of naught but Right;
"His heart shall feel Love's bitter flood,
"When thou hast washed him in his blood."

"How canst he, O Lord of me,
"Buildeth up his soul for thee?
"Once he tasteth of the wine,"
Spake the demon, "he is mine.
"Thinkest he will ever shun

"The sweets of sin ere he has run
"His earthly course? And will he not
"Desire me for pleasure got?"

"If thou dost him with sin infest,
"His conscience, know ye, will protest.
"Thy smallest sparks of sinful joy,
"Will, as tongues of flame annoy
"His tender soul until he must
"Regard thee, demon, with disgust;
"And once he spitteth out the wine,
"O evil one, he will be mine.

"I giveth him his freedom here,
"Within a garden where no fear,
"Or hate, or thought of sin
"Hath yet defiled or entered in.
"I giveth him the joys of life;
"I layeth out his path with strife;
"I maketh him to reap and sow,
"And find his knowledge in his woe."

This primeval mortal stood
Bewildered in his lowlihood;
Peace and joy or blissful blend
Of Nature's all could not befriend
His restless soul; and in his heart
A mystery lurked—a counterpart
Of what he felt existed 'tween
All things of life he yet had seen.

Bird and beast and flower and all,
Responded to the dual call,
But he was lonely and alone;
Nothing had he of his own—
Nothing like himself to share
His nature with; nowhere
Another one his image had,
And he grew ill and dull and sad.

Birds of song in leafy bower
Had no charms for him; nor flower
Any fragrance; and he had fears
When whine of beast fell to his ears.
His eyes were blurred to Beauty's show,
And touch was like a thorn or blow
Against his flesh; nor taste could find
But bitterness to core from rind.

He sank upon his bed of moss,
Fever-throbbed, to sleep and toss,
And dream of scenes calamitous,
Of products of the Incubus;
And ere the star-light o'er his head,
Had blended with the morning red,
His form was writhing in distress,
His brain a fount of fiendishness.

A band of impish elves appeared
And fell upon his breast, and speared
Him in the side, and pricked his eyes,
And grinned, and spake to him in lies;

And he was helpless in his plight,
Powerless to put to flight
An evilness begat of shame,
His manhood to excite, defame.

A flower growing at his feet,
Took strange form and came to greet
Him as a friend, its fragrance rare
Permeating all the air.
Then desire filled his heart;
He longed to know and be a part
Of this new light of life it seemed—
A specie of its kind undreamed.

Bending low, the flower breathed
Its fragrance on his cheek, and wreathed
His fevered brow with petal-tips,
Like favors dropped from honeyed lips;
And whispers soft and languid sighs,
Like zephyr music from the skies,
Soothed and charmed his troubled brain,
Rousing him from sleep again.

His dream was o'er yet just begun;
The morning of his life, the sun,
Were rising in his soul. He sighed!
His waking eyes had magnified
The flower of his dream. He rose,
And smiled, and banished all his woes,
For lo! the flower of his heart
Was now, it seemed, his counterpart.

He thought himself renewed, new born,
As joyfully he looked upon
His image grown so beautiful,
And he was pleased and worshipful.
He clasped it in his arms and sighed
And claimed it for his own, to bide
With him and make replete
The void, his nature to complete.

And joy and harmony were rife!
A kinder spirit ruled his life!
No longer had his breast a sigh,
Nor heart a wish to satisfy
His thirsting soul. And birds of song
Caroled sweetly and caroled long,
As Nature solemnized sublime
This first nuptial scene of time.

And the gods of council saw
And came to judge, define the law,
Each to each and face to face,
Causes and effects to trace.
“Thou givest to this man a mate,”
Saith the demon, he of Hate.
“Knowest thou of his desire,
“Born of me and passion’s fire?”

“Thou art of the mortal man,
“O evil one,” the Lord began.
“Desire of thee is but to crave
“Himself into a mortal’s grave.
“Desire of me through love innate,

"Findeth for this man his mate,
"As he in me shall find his goal
"Through his all immortal soul."

"Believest thou, O Lord of me,
"Can raise of him a race in thee,
"Who soweth seeds of me obsessed;
"Who sinneth full, who hath transgressed,
"By lust, self-love and selfishness?
"Canst those of him forestall, repress
"The evils of his way and mine?
"What sayest thou, O Lord divine?"

"As with the man so with the race!
"By sins of him descendants trace;
"By lust, self-love and selfishness
"Thou shalt see thine own progress;
"But through the ages blood will run
"From each to each, O evil one,
"Until it floweth into me
"Through love and truth and purity."

"Thinkest thou can purify,
"O Lord, the race or glorify
"The soul of man, in one brief life,
"One span of years, one term of strife?
"Gettest each of discipline,
"Sufficient in the time to win
"But love for thee, for me but hate?
"If not wilt thou exonerate?"

“O evil one, man’s destiny
“Dependeth on himself not me.
“If he defaults ‘in one brief life’
“As thou sayest, ‘one term of strife,’
“Then again he shall return
“To battle thee, to better learn
“The laws that getteth him to me,
“The perfect life and liberty.

“The social purity of race,
“O evil one, O demon base,
“Shall come of those who teacheth well
“The lessons getteth they in Hell;
“And he who shutteth up his ears,
“And blindeth of his eyes with tears,
“Shall with torments pay the price,
“Nor know the joys of Paradise.”

Thus the gods of council spake
The laws that maketh men or break.
Then ages out of minutes grew!
I saw the race expand into
A restless throng, a multitude—
Jealous clans in constant feud;
And hatred rose on every hand,
And peace was banished from the land.

And law and order were unknown;
And truth and love with peace had flown;
And generations came and went,
Each as it rose more violent;

Now building up, now tearing down
By rabble rage, by power of crown,
By shedding each the other's blood,
By dire waste of wind and flood.

And all were saved who were of God,
Who knew His light, His pathway trod ;
Who heard His voice, who saw His sign
Through one He loved, a sage divine.
And all were lost who heeded not
The theories by the wise man taught ;
Who waved their hands and uttered jeers,
When e'er his warnings reached their ears.

Shorn of physical life of man,
The intellectual now began
With better lineage to trace
The progress of a purer race.
And cities by the sea were raised—
One the world has since bepraised,
Where temples with their altars stand
For love and peace throughout the land.

But greed and power, clan o'er clan,
Still made of war the trade of man,
And nations, one by one, went down
Before the city of the crown ;
And battles raged and blood was spilled,
And all the land again was filled
With hate and sin, and Evil stood
Triumphantly before the Good.

“O God of Good, O thou divine,
“Canst thou as yet detect a sign
“Of progress in thy work with man?
“Hast thou me yet, Lord, under ban?
“Wilt thou not say, ere I depart,
“That I am master of the heart?
“Canst thou, O Lord, who hath assailed
“My name, deny that thou hast failed?”

“O evil one, O egoist,
“Lost are thine efforts to resist
“The progress maketh I with man!
“Behold ye this Nazarene!”
(And lo! there came into the light
A saintly being robed in white.)
“There cometh now, O evil one,
“A spiritual age out of this son.

“I giveth Him of me alone
“To lead mankind and to atone
“With perfect life and righteous cause,
“For those of thee who break my laws.
“I maketh Him a shepherd king,
“His love to rule, His power to bring
“All out of evilness to good
“And universal brotherhood.”

“Thou hast performed, O God of me,
“A miracle! Dost know that He—
“This harbinger of perfect life,
“Canst only stir up greater strife?
“Dost know that ere He stems the tide,

"And taketh all with Him to bide,
"I'll cast Him out, destroy, dethrone,
"And maketh of His blood atone?"

"When thou hast washed Him in his blood,
"O evil one, the tide, the flood,
"Made crimson by the guilt of thine,
"Will floweth back to thee malign;
"And all the people in the land
"Shall know His work and understand;
"And thou wilt hide thy face in shame,
"When speakest they His holy name."

Then lo! I saw this son of God,
This Shepherd King, with staff and rod,
Mingling with the hordes. I heard
Him speaking, teaching all The Word;
And some were gathered to His fold;
And others, blasphemous and bold,
Jeered and wildly waved their hands
And slunk away in threatening bands.

Then angry, muttering voices grew
To hostile cries, against the few
Who followed Him; but He was calm;
And they no evil feared nor harm;
And knelt they all and touched His hem,
His rod and staff to comfort them;
And sang they praises of His name,
His enemies and theirs to shame.

But louder grew the tumult's roar!
Then came a wicked throng and bore
The holy little band and Him
Before a gibbet high and grim;
And suffered He the lash and nail,
And those of Him to watch and wail;
And each became a hero when
He died submissively for men.

And for His name's sake they defied
The rage of mankind ere they died;
Nor did they quail when torture came
To goad them to renounce His name;
And by such fearless constancy
The gods of state and monarchy
Were conquered; and the prostrate race
Rose gloriously, His light to face.

"Thinkest thou hast conquered mine,
"O God of Good, O thou divine?
"By sect and creed I'll now divide
"The race of man, thy way to hide;
"And all will in confusion be,
"And through the ages thou shalt see
"The hopes of all mankind destroyed,
"And all of righteousness devoid."

"O evil one, thou canst not hide
"My way nor thine," the Lord replied,
"For out of evil cometh good,
"As standeth I where thou once stood;
"And through the ages blest shall be
"All things that cometh out of thee;
"And blest shall be all hopes destroyed,
"That man shall cometh unalloyed."

II

WASHED IN THE BLOOD

I HEARD a robin sing this morn; I saw his crimson
breast
Against the grey of a southern sky and the blue of
a northern nest;
He sang a song of liberty and as the notes rang out,
There rose before me scenes of old, when freedom
was in doubt.

Minutes were as volumes and years were but a
thought,
As I reviewed the living past this joyous songster
brought;
And ere discordant noises could mar my dream of
years,
My soul had burned in anguish, my eyes had welled
in tears;

I saw a silvery moon arise
And bathe a south land and skies,
In light so soft and pure and white,
That all the terrors in a day of blight
Were banished; and in every homing place,
Of a black and persecuted race,
I heard praises of the blessed Lord,
For respite from the lash and rod.

I saw the nimble piccaninnies dance,
And fat mammies tip-toe prance,

Stepping lively all and swinging
To the time of banjo stringing.
Along the banks of lazy streams,
Ripples dancing with moon-beams,
Dusky lovers' blended hearts,
With soulful song and Cupid darts.

I saw a possum out a-thieving,
His tell-tale tracks behind him leaving—
A loud report, a lurid flash,
An old grey nigger made a dash,
And with a chuckle of delight,
Held Mis'er Possum up to the light.

Through the cabin door, ajar,
Children's voices wafted far
Across the cotton fields and corn,
And Mammy's lil' chil'—new born,
Fussed and sniffled for its pap,
Then sucked itself into a nap.
Off to bed, up stairs a-creaking,
Corn-husk cots and roof a-leaking,
Mammy shooed her snickering brood,
Spanking him whose acting rude,
Made lil' sister cry with pain,
Waking baby chil' again.

In an arm chair near a door,
Moon a-shining 'cross the floor,
Woolly head a-drooping low,
Sat a dear old Uncle Jo.
Hand in his a-snuggling near,

Sweet voice ringing in his ear,
Sat his only kith and kin,
Singing songs so dear to him.

Footsteps sounded by the door,
A shadow fell upon the floor;
Then a vicious voice spoke out:
“Yo’ know me, niggers, both, no doubt!”
The old man staggered to his feet,
A slaver’s wicked lash to meet.
“Stay where yo’ be!” roared the might,
“The gal’s all I want of you to-night,”
And gripping tightly her black hand,
Led her trembling overland.

The old man prayed, “O merciful God!
“Save mah lil’ one, do, O Lord!”
Then prone upon the floor he fell,
His soul a-kindling fires of Hell.
Then rose passion in his brain,
Anger surged through every vein.
Then to his feet he tottered back
And snatched the old gun from its rack.
In the doorway now a-thinking,
Moon a-shining, stars a-blinking,
He heard a trailing blood-hound roar,
And turning back he closed the door.

Then a morning came—a glorious morn, bringing
 pain and toil,
And I saw tears and sweat and blood soaked up by
 the soil.

I saw the sweet magnolias bloom; I heard the song
birds' cheer,
Yet bad and sad men could not see, nor ever could
they hear.

The blazing sun was giving life, and lending beauty
all around;
It gave the sweet to sugar cane, and purest white to
cotton down;
It kissed the blushing orange bloom, and glazed pal-
metto palms,
But never vicious hearts it touched, nor lent to sad
men charms.

It fired the brain of master, and burnt the back of
slave;
To Youth it added beauty, for Age it found the
grave.
It was the bitter and the sweet, plodding hand in
hand,
In God's resplendent paradise, the Eden of the land.
Yet mad and sad men knew it not; nor could they
understand
Why one God sought to persecute by another's brutal
hand.
But God is kind and God is just, always in the
right;
Mind and heart he gave to man, to lead him to the
light;
He gave to all his children souls, and gave them
eyes to see
His wondrous work, his sign of love for all hu-
manity.

One there was who understood, one—a sorrowing man,
Whose heart and soul were burning with his brothers' of the ban.
He, too, forgave the men whose acts, the laws of God forbade,
For well he knew they knew not what they did or did evade.

I saw this kindly man at work with pen and stately scrolls,
Imploring God to give him strength to succor suffering souls.
Then upon his knee he took a little boy to hold,
And played and laughed and talked with him, and childish stories told.

Then his face grew sad again; he waved the lad aside,
And rising from his chair, he stood tall and dignified.

His hands were crossed behind his back, his wan face wore a frown,
And with firmly measured tread he paced slowly up and down;
His heart was beating fast and strong, his eyes were flashing light,
As thought he how ten thousand wrongs could never make a right.

He seized his pen with eagerness and wrote determinedly,
His name upon a parchment roll—his will to make men free.

Then his tall frame with emotion shook; hot tears
filled his eyes,
And audibly there came to me convulsive sobs and
sighs.

Above his head I saw a light—three colors in a
crest—

The Southern Grey, the Northern Blue and the red
of a robin's breast.

With awe and eagerness I watched the aural crown
reflect

The troubled soul—its moods, prospective and in
retrospect.

Love and pity in the Grey responded to my will;
The Blue afame with justice gave to me a thrill;
Then I saw the Crimson hue pouring off its flood,
From hearts of men, engulfing all, into a river of
blood.

Then another spirit rose, clothed in purest white,
And I saw Peace and Joy and all Content, glowing
in its light.

The tall, gaunt, sorrowing man then raised his
drooping head,
And smiled, and calling back the little boy, stroked
blessings on his head.

I saw him then with men of state,
Arguing long and arguing late,
His will of purpose strongly bound
By bands of moral courage round.
I heard persuasive language used;

I heard his name defiled, abused;
But firmly faced he to the light,
The truth, the cause and to the right;
And wavered not, nor keen wits lost,
When cries of peace at any cost,
Rang North and South and East and West,
From tongues of rank coercionists.

Yet ever did this man abhor
The ravages of ruthless war,
And when at last he spoke the word,
I saw the tumult and I heard
Him speak to God, anon:
“Thy Word is Law, Thy Will be done.”

Through halls of state the Word was flashed,
And everywhere fleet couriers dashed,
Spreading they calamity dire,
As were they flaming brands of fire.
I heard the distant roll of drum;
I heard the bugle's blare, and hum
Of voices, and the sabre's clank,
Hitting boot and charger's flank.

I heard the kisses and good-byes
Of sobbing sweethearts, and the cries
Of mothers, and I knew their fears,
And I saw my own dear mother's tears.
I heard the martial tread of feet;
I heard the hearts of brave men beat,
Mingling with the fife and drum,
The cheers and battle cry of freedom.

I saw the little drummer boy,
Strutting out his pride and joy,
Beating courage, true and fine,
For his comrades marking time.
I saw his mother and his dad,
Hearts a-breaking, faces sad,
Vainglorious to lend,
The only son they had to send.

I saw the drill of infantry;
I felt the thrill of cavalry;
I heard artillery rumbling down
The dusty roads to muster ground.
I heard the orders and I saw
Strict obedience of the law;
I heard the sound of stacking arms;
I sensed the allied fears and charms
Of anxious hearts, when bugle call
And ringing steel and leaden ball,
Reminded comrades of the morrow—
For life or death and certain sorrow.

Now before me on two hills I saw two cities rise,
Spectral-like, in silhouette against the evening skies.
A flag was floating over each—flags of silken floss,
One was flaunting stars and stripes, the other bore
a cross.
To me these cities were alike, save for banners flown,
They harbored human flesh and blood and human
marrow-bone;

They sheltered hearts and souls of men, and natures
in accord
With all the throbbing universe and all akin to
God.

Yet face to face these brothers stood, eager for the
fray—
With gleaming steel and rifle ball they must each
other slay,
And down the slopes of hillsides green, the blood
of man must flow,
To join the blood of Mother Earth, in the valley
of Death below.

It was the eve of battle, the calm before the storm,
The crucial test for man and men, the hour deiform;
And in homes where family ties must soon be torn
apart,
I heard the prayers and saw the tears and felt the
breaking heart.

Then the morrow came and with it life astrain;
At home, in camp, on fields of war, Dawn had
loosed the chain.
The White of cities on the hills was vanished as
the dew,
And in its place the Southern Grey and brilliant
Northern Blue,
Rose valiantly, and down the planes of Fate,
Charged to battle and to death, reeking both with
Hate.

In the valley now I saw a tiny crimson stream,
Gushing, trickling on its way to find a level seam.
It dyed the grasses and the soil and spotted tender
leaf,
And washed the pebbles of the earth and kernels
from the sheaf.
Its flow was from eternal springs—an everlasting
source—
From human founts, from hearts of men, with never-
ending course.

Louder, fiercer, roared the storm—the battles on the
hills,
And wider, faster grew the stream by rivulets and
rills,
Until it swelled into a brook, a swirling crimson tide
Of murmuring satisfaction, of vengeance justified.

It rushed unhampered through the vales, everything
to drench!
I saw the Blue and Grey alike, sopping in the
trench!
It stained the knapsack and the gun; it filled the old
canteen,
And dripped from boot and fetlock lying idle in
ravine!
It flowed against the fence rails and over walls of
stone,
Determined in its purpose, its anguish to atone!
And on the flags of glory—the stars, the stripes, the
cross,
I saw its vivid color blending with the floss.

On and ever raged the storm for weeks and months
and years,
And wider, deeper, surged the flood, and greater
were my fears,
When field and knoll and bank and hill, went
drenching into mud,
And Hope and Life and all were hurled into a
river of blood.

* * * * *

Then by the ebbing, crimson tide I saw the Sor-
rowing Man,
Giving of his own life's blood, and as it spilled
and ran,
I heard a prayer of gratitude and saw the bended
knee,
And the robin sweetly sang again his song of liberty.

III

THE NEW BIRTH

I STOOD in a silent valley and watched the waning sun,
As it rose upon another land, a new day just begun;
And there on Heaven's bending arch, a glorious golden light
Sprang up to meet the falling shadows of night.
I gazed for long in wonderment, until before my eyes
There came a vision as of old, as seen by ancients in the skies;
And I was thrilled with ecstasy as the ever changing rays,
Bore my soul in the mellow flood, to a world of other days.

I saw a strangely restless throng;
A motley people were rushing along;
But I knew not whither they were bound,
As they flocked from every city and town.
Some followed long and tortuous trails,
O'er wooded hills and tangled vales;
Others chose the seaward route,
In frail craft some and some in stout;
But hurrying, struggling, on they went,
One destination all seemed bent—
A far-off land so strangely new,
Where already just a few

Were frantically digging up the ground,
And joyfully fondling something found.

My psychic eyes now strained with awe,
And I stood amazed at what I saw:
One workman in the little band
Sprang forward, holding in his hand
Some shining particles so rare,
I thought them drops of sunlight from the air.

Back o'er the human trail again my sight was held
aghast,
For now the surging, frantic mob had reached pro-
portions vast.
They too had seen the glimmering dust, and eager
for the goal,
Strove forward in a mighty race—every living soul.
But soon, alas! another phase spread o'er the won-
der scene—
A pall of misery settled 'round what all had seemed
serene:

The strong were forging to the front; the weak
were falling out;
The brave were helping honest men, and thieves
were put to rout.
Christians were beseeching God to give them vic-
tory;
Unholy uttered bitter oaths and laughed derisively.

The rich with money and no bread, were starving
in their tracks;

The poor but wiser trudged along with plenty in
their sacks.

Devils were trading innocent flesh, to gain the
coveted goal,
And noble men were slaying them, to avenge the
awful toll.

Like an Herculean serpent, bending on, grovelling
in the dust,
This mammoth horde of human souls squirmed on
engulfed in lust.

Fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Aged folks and little ones,
Were pouring their energy and blood
Into this multitudinous flood.

Across the valleys and up the hills,
Sick and sore of many ills,
Surged the human tidal wave,
Leaving hundreds to the grave.

Now upon a desert-plain, the remnant fumed and
fussed;
Women wept and children wailed and strong men
cursed.
Christ! What horror in the scene! What sorrow
and despair,
When natures of a thousand kinds must one en-
vironment share:

Love and Hate strove hand in hand,
Through tangled sage bush, o'er burning sand;
Unrighteousness and Purity,
Alike were Sisters of Charity;
Tottering Age and nimble Youth
Were moulded one into the Truth,
One the other giving Life,
In this pandemonium strife.
The Weak were strong and the Strong were weak,
And the Wise Man of The Fool did seek
A bit of wisdom, or would share
A portion of a fool's despair.
The Poor were rich and the Rich were poor;
What for one the other must endure;
Nor could the sober Scholar once,
Give wiser counsel than the Dunce.

And so upon this common plain, like groping insects
in the night,
Swarmed Jealousy and Greed, Pride and Humble-
ness, seeking Brotherhood and Light.

But now again in the far-off land,
Where all had seen the little band,
Frantically digging up the ground
And joyfully fondling something found,
A hundred men, instead of one,
Were hording precious drops of sun.

'Twas like the magic wand of Fate waved o'er the
brow of Greed—

Hope and Joy and Lust again from Misery were freed.

Rising from the fevered earth, the mighty hosts sped on,
Gasping, craving, fighting, mad to reach the Golden Dawn.

Dismay and sorrow chilled my soul, for the glorious, golden flood,

Was blending with a newer light—the sky was bathed in blood.

A wave of terror swept the scene; hearts were gripped in fear;

Pulses quicked in unison—a greater evil hovered near;

And like the calm before the storm, a death-like hush pervaded all,

As if the Angel Gabriel had come to warn or call.

Suddenly on every hand,

From every hillock in the land,

There rose a savage, crimson host,

Immured as one incarnate ghost;

And the air was rent with yells,

As if ten thousand devils out of myriad hells,

Resentfully, had come at last

To avenge some grievance of the past.

I closed my eyes upon the scene; my ears I covered out the sound,

But, oh my God! I heard and saw—my soul to the luckless ones was bound:

Brave men quailed and women prayed, and children
huddled out of sight,
Like frightened lambs in prairie bush, from raiding
coyotes at night.

Wild-eyed, snorting horses ran,
Rumbling loud the caravan,
And the mongrel dog beneath,
Barked and growled and showed his teeth.
Sulking cattle bellowed loud,
And the brave cock, peacock proud,
Flared up in his prison pen,
Ready to protect his hen.

The nursing babe on mother's arm,
Wailea the knell of coming harm,
Kicked madly out its little feet,
And refused to suck and eat.
Amid the tumult and the noise,
Angry fathers cursed their boys,
Who, fearful in the wild stampede,
Quailed and shirked in time of need.

Like swooping hawks, the crimson host—
The Devil incarnate, fiendish ghost,
Flaunting feathers and war paint,
Weapons reeking with gore-taint,
Bore down upon the quivering train,
Tore in shreds and rent in twain,
The passions of the gold-mad clan,
Until hearts' blood in rivulets ran.

The shrieks, the screams, the tribesmen's twang,
The snapping bow, the arrow's pang,
The crack of musket, the gleaming knife,
The sighs and moans of ebbing life,
The scene of carnage, the awful hush,
And then, oh God! again the rush!

It was the wand of Fate again, waved o'er the
brow of Cost,
For Hope and Joy and Lust and Life again were
lost.

A pall of royal purple mist,
All glorious and God-kist,
Borne as if by unseen hands
Of long departed spirit bands,
Covered o'er the crimson hue,
And slowly melted into blue.
And like the funeral shroud of Death, within its
shadowy folds,
Were peace and joy and blissful rest, for the just
departed souls.

Now there rose, engulfing blue, the inky blackness
of the night,
And above earth's silhouette, a line of silvery light,
Spread perspectively before me,
Like a vast and treacherous sea.

I saw islands, sand hills, rocks,
Where sea birds came and went in flocks;

Where constant winds and dashing waves,
Fanned and washed in open graves,
The whitened bones of craft and man,
Mingling where the tideline ran.

Far inland where the skyline broke,
A mountain peak was belching smoke ;
And on plain and broad plateau,
Natives hurried to and fro.
Long-horned cattle, lasso-ridden,
Trampled mammals, tall-grass hidden.
Wild beasts skulked and lashed their tails,
In sultry tangle-wooded vales ;
And far below in murky swamp,
'Mid gloom and slime and monkey romp,
Monster reptiles ruled as kings,
Veritable nests of cursed things.

The main land tapered like a horn,
And at its vertex all forlorn,
Rising high and bleak and drear,
Storm-lashed and the sailors' fear
Stood a monstrous rock, naked, steep,
A grim sentinel of the deep.
By the coast line, skudding all,
White wings bulging in the squall,
Flaunting stars and stripes abaft,
Each and every foam-flecked craft,
Came the gold-sun hunting fleet,
Dangers of a sea to meet.

"Down the reaches and 'cross the bars
"Ye ho there, laddies!" sang the tars,
And the men of the seaward route,
In frail craft some and some in stout,
Joined they all in the chorus jig,
Heeding not their chances big,
Nor the adage centuries old,
Nor the stories mariner-told,
Of "delight when red the night;
"Red the morning, sailors' warning."
Looked they only to the west—
The precious, yellow, Golden West—
As they sang with jovial tars,
"Down the reaches and 'cross the bars."

But the Sentinel all forlorn,
At the vertex of the Horn,
Saw peril in the reckless race,
Grimly frowned and hid his face.
And through the night the bow watch cries,
And the Sentinel's groans and sighs,
Heard they not of the seaward route,
In frail craft some and some in stout.
Dreamed they only of the west—
The precious, yellow, Golden West—
As they rolled and tossed till morn,
Riding billows 'round the Horn.

"Up the reaches and 'cross the bars,"
Sang they now with jovial tars,
But the Sentinel all forlorn,
At the vertex of the Horn,

Shook his head and heaved a sigh,
As he glanced into the sky,
And thought of the adage centuries old,
And the stories mariner-told,
Of "delight when red the night;
"Red the morning, sailors' warning."

Nor was wiser prophet ever born,
Than the Sentinel all forlorn;
Yet the men of the seaward route,
In frail craft some and some in stout,
Turned deaf ears and blindfold eyes
To the frantic signs and warning cries
Of the Sentinel all forlorn,
At the vertex of the Horn.

Up the gold coast, skudding all,
White wings bulging in the squall,
Flaunting stars and stripes abaft,
Each and every foam-flecked craft,
Went the gold-sun hunting fleet,
Evils of a sea to meet.

Lost now in the gulf of night, in the valley where
I stood,
All the scenes enacted then rolled by me in a flood.

It was a panoramic view of life that was,
Not death that is, that made me pause,
And ere it came unto the close,
Another generation rose;

And scores of cities, too,
All beautiful and new,
Rose like magic from the ground,
Where once the cry of something found,
Echoed loudly 'round the world,
And people into frenzy hurled.

Through hissing brine, reflecting red
From morning skies, the gold fleet sped;
But the men of the seaward route,
In frail craft some and some in stout,
Looked not into crimson brine;
Looked they only through red wine;
Looked they always to the west;
Turned they earnest into jest,
As they sang and danced with tars,
“Through the reaches and 'cross the bars.”

Fathers, brothers, mother's boy,
Brains a-whirl with rapturous joy,
Had no thought of God, His law,
His warnings scorned they all, nor saw
The crimson ocean change to blue,
Nor the worry lines of mate and crew,
Nor the heavens bending down,
Black as was the skipper's frown.

As warring nations meet a-field,
Pledged to conquer nor to yield,
Hurling chaos into life,
The Systems spoiled for bitter strife.
Leading on like scouts of old,

Hearts of steel they dare unfold,
Voices sullen, firm and hoarse,
Sweeping win'ard of the course,
Dismal shadows raced afar
O'er billowing waste and harbor-bar.

Lumbering sea-fowl circles wrung,
Closer to their nestling young,
Mingling with the wind-gust sighs,
Their shrill, discordant, warning cries.
Fishermen and maidens, too,
Farther to the leeward drew
Ill-smelling, scale-crusted fishing boats,
Firmly stayed to mooring floats.

Up-land life was all astir,
Nature's instincts all a-whir;
Man and beast and bird and plant,
Felt depression, heard the chant
Of angry forces now a-path,
Wreaking vengeance, venting wrath.
Majestic and profound,
Silent to its purpose bound,
High and mighty, low and grave,
Ever white its crowning wave,
Rose and sank the ocean swell,
Bearing terrors out of Hell.

Like frothing tongues of savage beasts,
Licking of their bloody feasts,
Tearing tissue, tooth and nail,
Heeding never Mercy's wail,

Charged the breakers up the shore,
Echoing back a chilling roar.

Skippers growled and likewise mates;
Sailors cursed and scratched their pates;
And the men of the seaward route,
Paled and whined and looked about;
Looked they eastward not to west;
Earnest spoke they, not in jest;
Vanished had their golden dreams;
Nor was life just what it seems;
Blew they their noses at the spray,
And thought of the loved ones far away.

Wilder, grander, grew the waste as my vision trav-
elled on;
Blacker, thicker rose the shapes of misery; and
forlorn
Were the cherished hopes of man, humbled by the
law,
That gave him light and life and joy! And then
I saw
The terror of the tropic seas rise furiously, then
fall
Upon the weak of mind and matter, devouring all.

And yet it was not Death I saw, but life renewed,
And from abysmal gloom, a kinder spirit rose, im-
bued
With light so radiant and rare, that all the passions
and the fears,
And all the sorrow, pain and tears,

Sensed the soothing and anon
Were swept into oblivion.

It was the dawn of sweeter things—
The sense of sweetness Nature brings,
And man and bird and beast and plant,
Rose gloriously gallant,
Bathed their hearts in the new born light,
Resolved to wage a fairer fight.
And all the land and all the sea,
Were tranquilized again and free;
And even ravage and decay,
Strewn to shore and bank and brae,
Were glorified—shorn of blight,
In God's resplendent sunlight.

Basking in the splendors and the warmth of such a
clime,
My soul would fain have halted the turning on
of time.
But onward, ever onward, it was called and must
obey,
To reap and reap the dark of night as well as light
of day.

Lingering where the angry sea, my fellow men had
slain,
My soul invoked a benediction, then hurried on
again
To the land of lust—the gold-sun land,

Where I had seen the little band
Frantically digging up the ground,
And joyfully fondling something found.

The ponderous horde, the frenzied host,
Of storm-swept sea and fiendish ghost,
Hurled its passions and its greeds,
Its follies and its filthy seeds,
Into the treasure vault of Mother Earth,
And gave to a Nation new birth.

IV

THE TRIUMPH OF MAN

THE north wind blew and the north wind chilled,
And streaming lights in the heavens thrilled
My being through and through and through,
Until to the northward something drew
My psychic vision and my mind,
And as the compass needles find
The magnet, so by this mystic force,
My soul was borne upon the course.

Through rarefied, effulgent light—
Aurora's gorgeous flames of night,
I soared and soared, my soul enthralled,
Until the meteoric mist dissolved,
And left me on a great white way,
Where year has but one night, one day,
And where by day the sun swings 'round
The horizon on its cycle bound.

I'd found a dawning Arctic day,
And everywhere before me lay
The denizens of the frigid zone,
Where man shall come into his own
By storm-swept sea and ice-bound shore,
And bones of brothers gone before,
But where to conquer he must fight
A Hell of devils arrayed in white.

Everywhere I looked, I saw
A sameness, and with awe
I scanned the cold, white mantle spread,
And within its folds I saw the dead
Of nations—brave men of all times and ages,
Flags to mark the fatal stages,
Where Death had allayed all their pains,
Where blood had frozen in their veins.

To me they were but stepping stones—
This frozen blood, these frosty bones;
And even at the very top,
Where man has been but could not stop,
Is but the footstool of a throne,
Where kings of science yet unknown,
Shall sit and rule and fain shall be
The saviors of humanity.

From where the needle points I saw
The working of a wonderous law—
The magic force, the positive pole,
Where clings the world, that makes it roll.
I felt and saw magnetic waves,
From molecules and mineral caves,
Flowing out and in and 'round and with
The positive and negative.

I felt and saw the higher force,
That gives the world its orbit course,
That ever shall and must traverse
Space, to rule and run the universe.

I sensed vibrations and I knew
That all I saw and felt were true,
And knew, by laws that God hath writ,
That I too was a part of it.

From where the needle points I saw
A thinking man—a king of law—
A scientist as yet unknown,
Who dwelt in silence and alone;
I saw his books and maps and rules,
His workshop and his bench and tools,
And on the walls and shelves, in frame,
Were gifts of honor in his name.

I saw him sitting in repose
Drawing of his forces close—
Concentrating, of his mind,
Some greater problem yet to find.
His eyes were glazed in focal stare,
And gripping tightly to his chair,
His conscious mind released its claim,
And in its place sub-conscious came.

Upon a vibratory wave I'd wrought,
I flashed to him a single thought:
“Forever can the power serve
“That God doth hold here in reserve.”
I saw light of inspiration rise
Above his head and in his eyes,
And by the brilliant aural rings,
I knew his thoughts were coming things.

Springing up and to his bench,
He seized his compass and a wrench;
The wrench was magnetized, and with
Attracting pole or positive,
He drew the needle at his will,
'Round and 'round the disc, until
He turned the mystic wrench about
And put the needle point to rout.

"What power is this I long have known?"
He asks himself. "And from what zone?"
Then the needle found its trough
And swung its point up to the north.
"North!" cried he. "My compass speaks!
"I'll find the power that science seeks!
"I'll make the wheels of progress run;
"I'll warm the land as doth the sun;
"I'll make the night as light as day;
"I'll bring new life out of decay;
"I'll make the world glow everywhere
"With rarefied electric air."

Into the equatorial night he went
To give his great scheme broader vent,
And there before his very eyes,
Pouring out of northern skies,
Was the power he fain would steal,
To warm the land, to turn the wheel,
To bring new life out of decay,
And make the night as light as day.

He studied the capricious streams,
And analysed their colored beams;
And with spectroscope and coil
He added patient, scientific toil.
For days and weeks and months and years,
I watched him mingle smiles with tears,
One day to praise, the next berate,
Success and failure, alternate.

I saw him build a little World,
And in its vacuum as it whirled,
He threw about it aural rings
By means of queer dynamic things.
One night he climbed a mountain high,
And from its top into the sky,
He sent an airship with his World,
And lo! The natural forces whirled
It with terrific speed. And down
Through coil and carbon sent a crown—
A mellow glow so soft and white,
He called it "Aero-auralight."

"O God of Law, thy name be praised!"
He cried aloud, his face upraised.
"Thou givest me thy glorious light!
"Thy name be praised; Thy work is right!"

Around the world on sparkling air,
I saw his name flashed everywhere;
I heard the comments, pro and con,
Praises some and some in scorn.
I heard the skeptics ridicule;

I heard them crying, "Faker! Fool!"
But they who knew the God of Law,
Knew it was His light they saw.

Ego had he none, nor boastfulness,
But grateful for his first success,
This scientist, this thinking man,
With greater courage then began
And built himself a bigger World,
And into it the mysteries hurled,
Which God had hurled into his own
For man to seek and find alone.

"Northward!" cried he, "I will go,
"Where the mighty currents flow—
"Where the needle points I'll find
"The power, my greater World to grind."
I saw him then with kings of wealth;
With men of brawn and grit and health;
And they were poring over charts
With sturdy purpose in their hearts.

I saw them rigging up a ship
And with scientific things equip;
Then aboard the craft they placed
The wonder World and northward faced.
Then an arctic twilight came—
A long and dreary crimson flame,
And far across the silent white,
Like early harbingers of night,
Lay purple shadows veiled in mist,
Glistening, jeweled and frost kist.

Storm-cut glacial forms appeared
Like monster amethysts, and reared
(Before the sun's red flood)
Their peaks, like crystals dipped in blood.
Rain-washed, wind-lashed ices snapped,
By frost contraction, and entrapped,
In cells and crevices and in chink,
Countless sundrops, pearly pink.

Near about and far away,
Glittering, crusted snow fields lay
Like rarest lace, with precious gems
Within its folds and on its hems.
It was the throne of color queens—
God's pallet of varied sheens;
His brush—the sun's resplendent rays,
To paint the waning arctic days.

In the heavens then I saw
The working of another law—
A picture thrown on Nature's screen,
And moved as if by hands unseen; . . .
I saw a troubled ice-filled sea,
And struggling there in jeopardy,
'Mid crunching bergs and gulfy streams,
Was the World-ship of my dreams.

Then the Polar Night came down
And shrouded all with its frown;
And everything grew weirdly calm,
As if some supernatural charm,
Had come among the mystic hosts,

And cast the waste a land of ghosts.
Resplendence, all, had turned to frost,
Chill and drear and dead and lost,
And only burnished stars above
Could lend to man their light, their love.

Like the Master's halo now—
The spiritual light above His brow,
There rose Aurora's flaming girth
Above the brow of Mother Earth;
And in a twinkle Gloom was gone,
And life for man anew was born
Of warmth and mirth and zest and God,
And born of light, His best award.

From void it came to void it went—
This spirit of the firmament,
As if celestial hosts on high
Had burst the locks upon the sky;
And as if the color queens
Were come again with other sheens—
With tubes of iridescent light
To glorify the sombrous night.

All the atmosphere seemed merged
With strange vibrating waves that surged
Through sparkling frost, 'round arctic pole,
And charged the very human soul.
I felt influence and I knew
The scientist, the ship, the crew,
And the World of world-wide fame,
All were throbbing with the same.

I knew the earth and all the seas,
The shimmering mists, the chilling breeze,
And the lights, the stars and all
Were responding to the call.
It was the power of God I felt;
In everything His spirit dwelt,
And by His light shall man atone,
To find and come into his own.

“Onward!” heard I now the cry
Of scientist, as in the sky
He peered. “Onward! Never stop!
“Onward, brave men, to the top!
“Let us follow unto God—
“By the trails our brothers trod—
“By their bones and frozen blood,
“We shall find the lucent flood.”

Saw he not the ominous sign,
In the heavens as in wine;
Saw he only of the night,
(His soul in ecstasy of delight)
The power he fain would steal,
To warm the land, to turn the wheel,
To bring new life out of decay,
And make the night as light as day.

But the brave men of the ship—
They of many an arctic trip,
Saw Nature in her dual rôle,
Hovering, playing 'round the pole;
Read they her message Heaven sent;

Knew they what her colors meant;
Felt they brewing in their bones,
The dreaded storm of polar zones.

For robes of gay fantastic light,
Shadows now donned black and white,
And came like nuns in earnest prayer,
Kneeling, bowing everywhere.
And the stars—Night's liquid eyes,
Were covered, as o'er all the skies
A dismal cloud, a pall of gloom,
Spread its all foreboding doom.

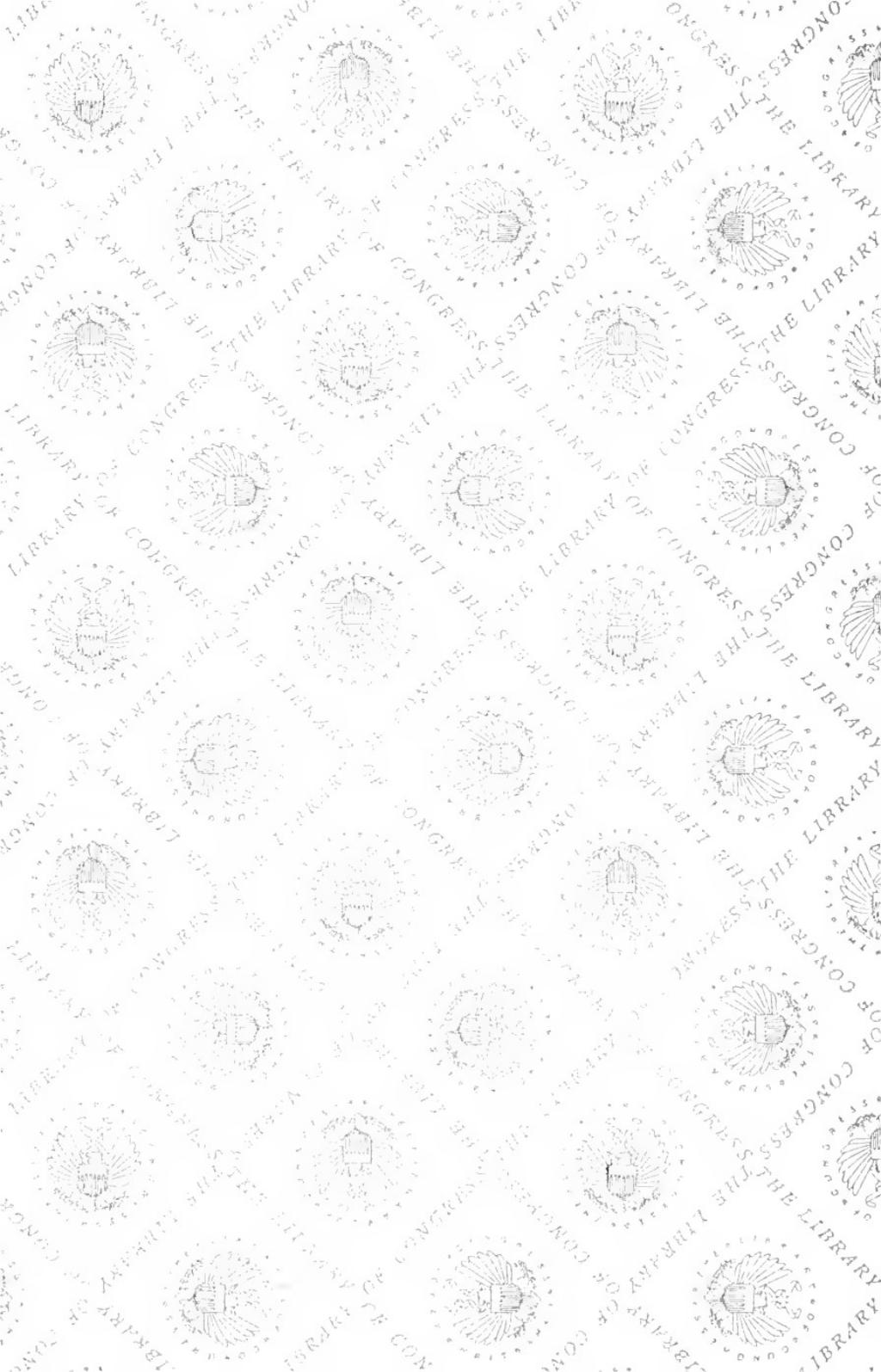
Heard I too the doleful wail
Of chilling wind, like some weird tale,
Or like voices of the gnomes
Howling in their catacombs.
Out of the blue-black nowhere night,
Came the chill air seething white
With snow, whirling, curling into rings,
Like fairy hosts on feather wings.

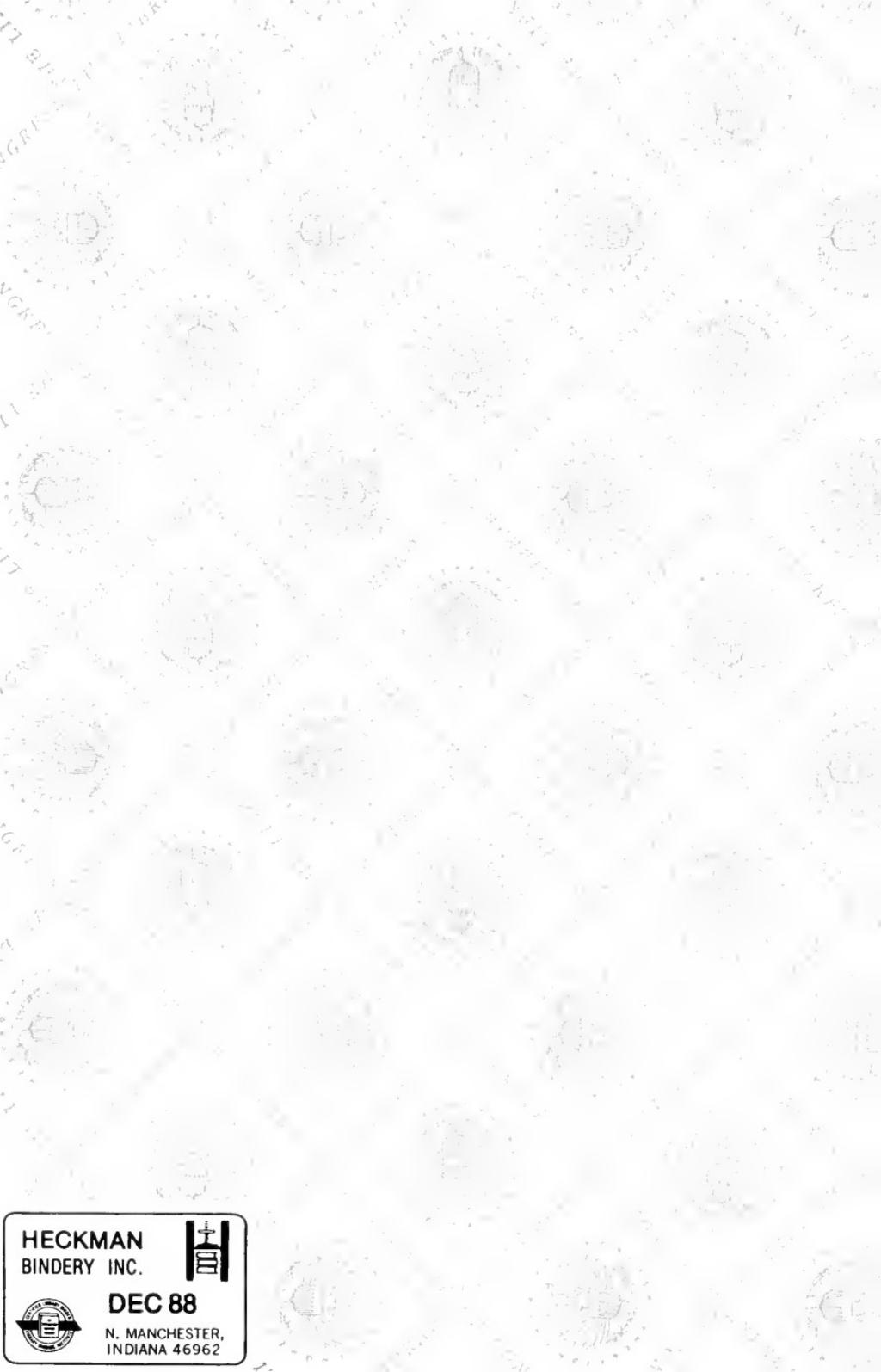
Then the blinding blizzard burst
In all its fury and Hell-cursed,
Hurling terror with its roar,
To land and sea and ice-bound shore;
And the brave men of the ship—
They of many an arctic trip,
Knew no haven but the lee
Of crunching bergs from raging sea.

The scientist—the thinking man,
Had no recourse other than
God's wisdom in His will to guide,
Where e'er He would have him abide.
But when the storm had passed away,
And for a night had come a day,
I saw but a boundless waste of white,
All glorified by God's own light.

And by His will a seed was sown,
That man shall come into his own,
And find the power he fain would steal,
To warm the land, to turn the wheel,
To bring new life out of decay,
And make the night as light as day.







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